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Museum, and they knew that the firm from which it was purchased had charged a large price in return for the picture and the little story about its great worth, and naturally they were loth to accept the verdict and to pay for the appraisal—an amount that was almost half the value of the total.

You may shake your head and say: Oh—yes—but the remedy?

The remedy is quite the same as offered at the opening of my letter—go to the fountain head. If you must build a house, consult an architect for the plan, an artist for the decorations, a sculptor for statuary—and an expert in the selections of furnishing. When all these things shall have been accomplished and regulated we may hope to find homes representative of good taste, and when the time comes for the heirs to take possession they may find things of real worth and not a conglomerate mass of worthless souvenirs.

Truly yours,

W. F. P.



"OLD PEWTER, BRASS, COPPER AND SHEFFIELD PLATE," by N. HUDSON MOORE, with 105 illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.00 net.

Collectors will find this a valuable hand-book on this fascinating ware. They will be able to identify many pieces of (to them) unknown origin by means of the excellent indices found at the close. The historical review of pewter is exhaustive and the illustrations give a complete survey of the various implements for which the material was used. The same may be said of the chapter on brass ware, while lovers of "Sheffield" will find a good deal of interest in the pages devoted to this ware.

The book is written by a specialist and connoisseur, whose works on old china, old furniture and laces are well known.

* * *

"The PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD," by J. Ernest Phythian; in the Newnes Art Library. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.

The most interesting part of this volume of the Newnes Art Library consists of the illustrations, which seem to have been selected with a definite scheme. Seven noteworthy examples of the Italian Renaissance are shown. Then follow six half-tone illustrations of the best works by Ford Maddox Brown, who did not belong to the Brotherhood, but was its inspirer. The three men who formed the coterie that had such powerful influence on the art of the last century are William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Sir John Everett Millais. The best of their work from early beginnings to latest attainment is reproduced. The opening article, by J. Ernest Phythian, is satisfactory in that it seems to be a readable epitome of Percy H. Bate's more elaborate work on "Pre-Raphaelitism."

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"CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS" in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, 1906, by W. H. GOODYEAR, Curator of Fine Arts.

Almost 300 paintings, on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, have

been catalogued by the Curator in a satisfactory manner. A short personal notice of the artist is followed by the titles of their works on view, with the names of the owner, from which it is seen that of the 287 paintings, 56 belong to the Museum and 231 have been loaned.

It was to be expected that the attributions have been followed as given by the owners, and I do in no wise hold Mr. Goodyear, who is well qualified for his task, responsible for some of the names of artists attached to the pictures. Had he a free hand, the list of "Unknowns" would have been materially increased.

The Museum appears to be free of the reproach that American artists are neglected, 40 per cent. of the exhibits belonging to the native school. The best examples of foreign schools are loaned by Messrs. A. A. Healy, Charles A. Schieren and H. H. Benedict.

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The March *Century* is an extremely interesting number by its art features. Mr. Sylvester Baxter has an article on "Art in the Street," advocating the beautiful in objects of public utility. The illustrations indicate what civic art may accomplish. A color reproduction is after Henry Golden Dearth's "Sunset in Picardy," and there are a number of tint printings of an etching by Otto J. Schneider, "An American Type," George W. Maynard's portrait of himself, and illustrations by Jay Hambridge and Leon Guipon.



TITIAN

EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V AT THE
BATTLE OF MUEHLBERG

Courtesy of Berlin Photograph Company.

Die Kunst unserer Zeit is an important German periodical, published by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich. The monthly numbers contain monographs on the principal modern German painters, although a few numbers have been devoted to foreigners, as G. F. Watts, G. Segantini, Lord Leighton and others. The literary quality of these monographs is high; they are written by specialists. The illustrations consist of six photogravures and a score of half-tone text cuts of the principal works of the artist under discussion. In short, we might call this publication the more elaborate forerunner of such periodicals as "Masters in Art," or the Newnes Art Library.

German art is comparatively little known in this country, owing to the lack of enterprise of German art dealers, hence a study of the work of prominent painters through reproductions is obligatory. This can be done with great comfort at the Hansfstaengl place on Fifth avenue, and one will be surprised at the record of art expression of the modern German painters. We find there excellent reproductions of the work of von Lenbach, Franz Stuck, Hans Thoma, Ed. Grützner, Gabriel von Max, F. von Defregger, Ludwig Knaus, Franz Simm—surely a catholic and impartial selection.

The last number, just received, has for its subject Adolph von Menzel, with an appreciation, written by Franz Hermann Meissner, which is biographical and critical. Six of the large compositions of this artist, many of historical value, are reproduced in photoprint, while the text illustrations in half-tone give examples of his famous drawings and smaller easel paintings. It is a timely memorial of this recently deceased artist.

* * *

The following story, which I copy from the *St. Louis Art Review*, is rather a take-off on the impressionists:

"Adolf von Menzel, the famous German artist, who died a short time ago, was rather fond of telling the following story concerning Markheim, a painter of the impressionist school. Menzel, says the writer of some 'Recollections,' was the Meissonier of Germany.

"Markheim had sold to a well-known countess one of his landscapes. The countess, after she had the landscape a few weeks, tired of it, and to another artist, who dined with her one night, she said:

" 'I think my new picture lacks animation. It needs life in it. Would you be willing to paint for me a man or woman on the road that runs through the middle?'

" 'Why, surely, madam,' said the second painter, and he took the picture home with him, made the addition, and returned with it the next morning.

"Later, meeting Markheim, he said: 'I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours the other day. It was the landscape you sold to Countess X—. She wanted a figure in it, and to oblige her I painted an old peasant walking down the road.'

"Markheim frowned.

" 'The road?' he said; 'the road? I don't remember any road in that picture.'

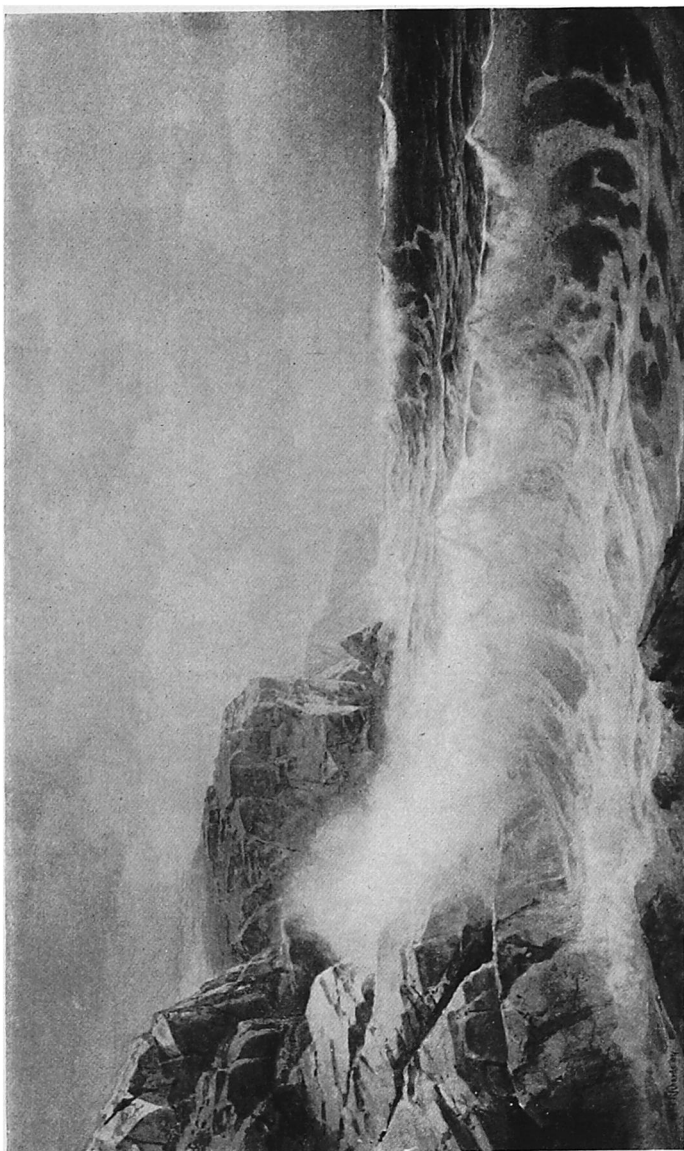
" 'Oh, yes, there is a road,' said the other.

" 'I can't recall it,' said Markheim.

"To settle matters they went to the house of the countess and stood before the picture.

" 'There,' said Markheim's brother artist—'there is your road, and there is my old peasant walking down it.'

" 'Fool!' Markheim cried, 'what have you done? That is not a road. That's a river!'



WILLIAM T. RICHARDS
ON THE SHORE OF CONANICUT ISLAND

Art is something besides imitation of the real; it is a beautiful fiction that gives us the mirage of truth, upon condition that our soul shall be the accomplice of the falsehood.

"The Making of an Artist" was the subject of a recent "Art Talk" given by Mr. James Henry Moser in the lower hemicycle of the Corcoran School of Art in Washington. "Learn to draw and paint in school and then go out and do as you please," was the terse advice with which he began his remarks to the students. "Build upon a solid foundation," he said, "then reach up to or toward the highest ideal. If you have to earn a living by your art, take any commission that comes along, and don't be ashamed of it, but do it as well as you can, and have some time for work which is in the line of progress." To illustrate his meaning he gave a brief account of the life of Robert Blum, whom he first met seated by an improvised desk in a little hall bedroom copying one of Fortuny's pictures in pen and ink. He told how slowly the young painter had climbed toward success, holding fast to his ideal, and putting his best into each of his productions, and how, likewise, when it did overtake him, for the tables literally were turned, he stolidly refused to send forth for a price anything the least unworthy. Mr. Moser gave, too, some interesting reminiscences of his own evolution, recalling frankly the hard days of '73, when he and his roommate, who afterward became a successful illustrator, lived complacently on bread and molasses until a commission for ten heroic lions' heads came from a beneficent wagon builder. In conclusion, he bade his pupils to make light of hardships, and to make the best of every opportunity which might come to them for self-improvement—to find their pleasure as well as their profit in their art.



The Sculptors of Paris are exceedingly anxious to see whom M. Fallieres, the new President, will select to make his official bust. Every new president must, according to the unwritten law, have his bust made without delay, and the artist whom he selects for this honor is sure of more orders than he can execute. By ordering his bust from M. Rene de Saint-Marceau the late Felix Faure laid the foundation of the fame of that artist, who is now a member of the Academy. President Loubet's official bust was made by M. Denys Puech, now also an Immortal.

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An interesting letter appeared recently in the *London Chronicle* from Mr. M. W. Brockwell, of Chelsea, London, regarding the price paid by the National Art Collection Fund for the Rokeby Velasquez, which is between \$200,000 and \$250,000. Among other things he says:

"Much, of course, will be said about the high prices already paid for pictures in the National Gallery. It will be urged that \$350,000 was a very considerable sum to pay for the 'Ansidei Madonna,' but it must not be forgotten that Sir Frederic Burton, the then director, valued the work at \$550,000. Again, we shall be reminded that we gave \$87,500 for the Van Dyck, 'Charles the First,' but the fact that it was sold out of the collection of that king by Cromwell for \$750 only serves to show how England has always been lacking in artistic foresight. But let us look at the reverse side of the medal. The exceedingly fine investments we made in purchasing Gainsborough's 'Mrs. Siddons' for \$5,000, Hobbema's 'Showery Weather' for \$7,875, Tintoretto's 'Origin of the Milky Way' for \$6,250 and Rembrandt's 'Old Woman with a White Cap' for \$6,000 surely justify an occasional thrill of satisfaction. The truth of the matter is that the nation has made a very fine investment of other people's money."

* * *

The treasures of the various Russian churches are of fabulous value. St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg is said to have cost \$50,000,000. Its copper roof is overlaid with pure gold. In the Cathedral of Kazan the name of the Almighty blazes in diamonds from a cloud of beaten gold, under which are solid silver doors, 20 feet high.